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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1916.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

THE PESSIMIST.

If you who look for ugliness
Amid the scenes where dwell the graces
Should ever turn about and press
For beauty in life's squalid places
You'd find a host of things all fair
You'd never dreamed of finding there,
And maybe take a happier view
Of this sweet earth that harbors you.

(Copyright, 1916.)

T. R. says he wishes he might remain in Texas. Why not?

Ukeleles now are very popular and so were wrist watches not so long ago.

Washington, first in war, first in peace and last in the minds of the campaign managers.

"Twelve Thousand to Press Villa," reads a headline. Chased by botanists, apparently.

"Calls Hughes Goat," reads a headline. A whale of a lot of people are trying to get said goat.

Some day we will read a story about an aviator who did not drop to death. Until that time we are convinced that football is a safe game.

After reading about the present high prices for real estate, one hardly can blame Wilson and Hughes for striving for a home without rent for four years.

"Two generations from the hod to the monocle is going at a fairly swift clip," remarks the Louisville Courier Journal. Speeding up on the downgrade, so to speak.

The cutch industry of British North Borneo has been much helped by the war, says a supplemental commerce report, which, however, fails to say what cutch is.

A St. Louis pastor lost his auto, and when it was found by the police the tonneau was occupied by a dozen bottles of beer. That seems reasonable enough, in St. Louis.

A double-walled rubber boot has the space between the walls filled with hot water to keep the wearer's feet warm. The device should be popular along about November 6.

The women announce their intention of talking until all women are given the ballot. But women always have maintained that right and if suffrage brings about silence another strong argument for votes for women has been registered.

After vainly trying by other means to kill a "hex cat," including shooting at it with a golden bullet, a Pennsylvanian burned his own property to eliminate the jinx. Then he was sent to prison for arson and served three months. What became of the cat is not disclosed.

The London police called at a house at Waltham Cross to arrest a man for failing to report for military service. They were confronted by the man himself in khaki. He joined up voluntarily a year ago and was home on short leave, says the London Chronicle. Apparently all the ivory is not used in equipping American police departments with officials.

Caution is a virtue and in one case, at least, it cannot be denied that the United States government has proved itself cautious. As every tourist knows there is in the Treasury Department a framed check which figured in one of the great purchases of territory made by the American people. The check calls for the payment of $40,000,000. Apparently fearful that the check might fall into the hands of some unscrupulous person, the government had the bit of paper protected from the greedy would-be check raiser by the line, heavily stamped in letters perforating the sheet: "Not over $40,000,000." Even in these days when $1,000,000 is considered a shoestring, it is hard to conceive of any one having sufficient cupidity to induce him to risk the wrath of the law by raising a $40,000,000 check. And it is comforting to know that the check was paid, cancelled and returned in proper order.

When Napoleon met his Waterloo, a little over 100 years ago, the return to peace in Europe had an immediately injurious effect upon the trade and commerce of the United States, then a struggling young republic. This country became the dumping ground of the European factories, and the tariff for revenue only which the Democratic party under Jefferson had enacted was insufficient to prevent it. The Jeffersonian tariff at that time was 22 per cent, which was ineffective, yet the Democrats would have us believe that the Underwood tariff, averaging less than 9 per cent, with some of our most important products on the free list, will be sufficient.—Portland Telegram.

Sharp as his words were, President Wilson's condemnation of those who attempt to stir up the animus of sectionalism in this day was fully justified. "Any man," he said, "who revives the issue of sectionalism in this country is unworthy of the confidence of the nation." Long ago the best thought of the country realized the truth of that charge; now all the thought, worthy of the name, endorses it. Particularly at this time, when the United States is in a position of isolation from the other great nations, any display, or even feeling, of sectional animosity should discredit the man who harbors it in the eyes of all real Americans.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"They Shall Not Pass."

"They shall not pass."

These were the words flung back over his shoulder to the people of France by the French soldier as he took his place in the trenches of Verdun last winter and turned his face to the onrushing hordes of Germans, driven by the crown prince.

"They shall not pass."

These were the words shouted by the valiant French legions down through the end of winter, through the balmy months of spring, through the heat of summer as the Teutons hammered with all the fury of German military efficiency at Verdun.

"They shall not poss."

These were the words of triumph a few days ago that the French regiments shouted defiantly as they sprang from their trenches and rushed forward, regaining in a few hours all the ground that the crown prince had paid 500,000 German soldiers and months of the hardest fighting of the war to win.

"They shall not pass" will ring down through history as the spirit of the French army in the greatest war of history. The words first were uttered less than a year ago and already they have been immortalized in prose and poetry. The words marked the beginning of the battle at Verdun, but though unspoken they lived in the spirit that won the battle of the Marne, that turned the tide of the war toward victory for France.

Today, French soldiers stand before Verdun as victors, not to resist the attacks of the Germans, but to attack the Germans, to follow up the notable triumph of a few days ago. Their victory is one of the greatest victories of the war though it is not as great a military as it is a moral victory.

When the war began Verdun was one of the strongest links in that chain of forts which the French had built as a bulwark against the invader. Verdun meant the last word in the then modern land defense, and throughout Germany it was believed the army that could take Verdun could enter Paris. Among the German people, or a large part of them, the taking of Verdun meant the winning of the war.

Soon after the war was begun and trench fighting was developed, the French, having seen German siege guns batter down the strongest forts that the Belgians could build, dismantled the fort of Verdun and prepared for its defense according to the new teachings of war—with trenches. But in the minds of the German people, Verdun still represented the strongest card in the hand of France and the winning of Verdun meant, in the popular mind, the spiking of the most dangerous French gun.

Perhaps these facts swayed the judgment of the Kaiser and his general staff when the crown prince was given a picked army of the best fighting men in Germany to hurl against Verdun. The stakes were high and the crown prince played as though with a winning hand. German blood soaked French ground until the people of Germany grew sick of the slaughter and still the battalions leaped forward into disaster and death.

One day not long ago, statisticians said German casualties before Verdun had reached the 500,000 mark. The French casualties were placed at half that number. Yet Verdun was not won and the two armies seemed locked in an embrace that might last until the end of the war. Then, without the French learning of their decision perhaps, the German general staff decided to fight no more for Verdun. The Germans had learned that Verdun could not be taken and the German plan called only for the holding of what had been won at such a terrible price.

The German reserves at Verdun were needed to hit the Roumanians and to stem the drive of the Somme. So, gradually, the reserves slowly were withdrawn from Verdun. Then, when the German lines had been stripped of their reserves, the French went forward and the end of the battle of Verdun was written. Never again will the crown prince be able to strike with his old force at that fort. The battle of Verdun has been won and the crown prince and his legions vanquished.

"They shall not pass."

The Independent Voter.

The independent in politics today occupies a more prominent niche perhaps than ever before because there are many evidences that the independent vote will settle the national election. Those who feel that party fealty and allegiance to the political camp of their fathers is religious are less in number and less in influence today than ever.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, looks for victory with votes from all parties.

States Attorney Hoyne, of Chicago, bases his claim for re-election on a record of achievement that he figures must appeal to men of all parties.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, makes no active campaign because he feels that his record will appeal to all voters.

Gov. Whitman, of New York, drops a straight partisan plea for an appeal to the independent voter.

President Wilson and Mr. Hughes realize that success or failure depends largely upon the measure of success in their appeal to the independent voter.

The voting men of the country today are not bound by parties. They have seen candidates repudiate parties and platforms and they reserve the right to leave a party and a platform that does not meet with their convictions, whatever its label. These are some of the reasons why the independent in politics will have his day on November 7. And he will have his day after that date. The question is what platform and what party can bring the independents together. It is the big question that the Republican, Democratic and Socialist leaders may well consider.

The Democracy is being sued for unpaid rent by the company owning the St. Louis Coliseum, in which the national ticket was nominated. Can it be possible that the Democrats believe the ticket isn't worth the price?

Has he "kept us out of war?" The question rises naturally out of the advice now being given the people by the baking specialists of the Department of Agriculture to bake and eat potato bread. We are getting into the same position as Germany, whom nobody has kept out of war. But Germans would be eating their usual quantity of real bread if they were not under the necessity of feeding a great army of non-producing fighting men, and under the handicap of having all of their ports blockaded. They are eating potato bread only because they are at war. If we, too, must eat it, with none of our ports blockaded, the pleasant casuistry of asking if we have really been kept out of war readily suggests itself. For eating potato bread is one of the real horrors of war.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Curse of the "Soft Snap."

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

"What, make that little fellow a captain!" was the disparaging comment of an English naval officer when it was proposed to place young Nelson, physically almost a dwarf, in command of a ship.

The remark stung Nelson to the quick, and he never quite forgot it. But it did more than hurt the sensitive young sailor. It made him resolve then and there to redeem himself from his handicap and make himself felt in the world. "Little fellow!" he would say to himself. "This little fellow will yet be the biggest man in the King's navy!"

If nature had favored Nelson with a tall, handsome form, he might not have become one of the greatest sea fighters in history.

The desperate struggle to do something worth while in spite of handicaps or obstacles is the very thing that often drives people to develop the latent power which makes them conspicuously successful. Without this struggle, many famous men and women would never have discovered their real selves.

I always feel sorry for a young man who is looking for an "easy job," or who falls into a "soft snap," because I know the chances are that he will never reach his highest possibility, that the biggest thing in him will never come out, certainly not while he remains in his soft snap.

Beware of the soft snap. It does not make real men. There is nothing that will dampen one's ardor and make one's ambition sag so quickly as to fall into a soft snap, a position which pays fairly well at the start and requires comparatively little effort.

Leaders of men are not developed in such positions because they do not get the discipline, the training which begets success, stamina, the sort of fiber that stands great strain.

There are many government positions which pay pretty good salaries and require very little work. They are practically sinecures—watching others work, supervision, something that puts no strain on mind or body. The men who have these soft snaps are never selected for important places. Policemen who are assigned to duty in hotels and public places are not the ones who are advanced. Firemen who simply stand around in theaters to see that the aisles are kept clear and that the fire laws are not violated never become fire chiefs.

If Lincoln had succeeded in getting a position which he tried hard to get, in the civil service department at Washington, history would probably never have mentioned his name. To a youth who had been accustomed to the humblest sort of hard work—splitting rails, chopping wood, tending a little country store, etc.—a dignified position in the great United States government would have looked pretty big, and he might have kept the soft snap until he had dwarfed the giant.

If Charles Schwab had got a soft snap in a government department at Washington when he was driving a stage coach in Lorette, the probabilities are that he would never have become the greatest living steel manufacturer, perhaps the greatest the world has seen.

I know young men of brilliant possibilities whose futures are being strangled by soft snaps in Washington. Eight hundred, two thousand, twenty-five hundred dollar positions look very alluring to poor country youths who are fighting their way against poverty and hard conditions. But any young man who has got stuff in him to do worth-while things is unfortunate if he drops into a soft snap which may paralyze his development, stunt his growth, and wreck his greater possibilities.

It is the hard workers, it is those who are standing the strain, who are fighting at the front in the firing line, who advance. It is in the thick of the fight that the stuff leaders are made of is developed.

One of the best known labor papers in the State of Illinois is the Decatur Labor World, edited by John H. Ryan, a well known labor advocate, and one of the best posted men on labor questions in the State of Illinois. In his issue of October 6, and under the editorial caption of "A Bouquet or a Lemon, Which is It?" he says:

"Organized labor must not lose its head in the campaign which is now on. The rushing through Congress of the Adamson eight-hour law is being used as campaign capital to influence organized labor voters. Labor exchanges from all parts of the United States received at this office and members in all union crafts seem to have become dizzy because of this bill which looks to persons who have analyzed it thoroughly as a vote-getting ruse to help the party in power.

"To begin with, the Adamson bill does not go into effect until after January 1, 1917, and until then organized labor will not know whether it has been handed a bouquet or a lemon. This is sufficient ground for members of organized labor not to go wild over the eight-hour railroad bill, passed, you might say, at the point of a revolver, during the closing hours of Congress. What members of organized labor must settle in their own mind is, whether President Wilson is sincere in his efforts for organized labor or is he playing politics with organized labor.

"Mr. Wilson has had a tremendous change of heart on the question of organized labor during the past few years, or, with the aid of Samuel Gompers he is using labor to promote his re-election. It was only as far back as 1909 that he declared himself a 'fierce partisan of the open shop.' Here is an extract from a letter written on January 12, 1909, in reply to an invitation to speak at a banquet of anti-strike advocates:

"I am a fierce partisan of the open shop and of everything that makes for individual liberty."

This extract proves how Mr. Wilson stood on the proposition of organized labor when he was a private citizen. Now that he is seeking the support of labor to bring about his re-election, it is the duty of organized labor to thoroughly look into the matter and learn if his change of heart in this matter is for the good of organized labor or for the purpose of winning the votes of organized labor.—Peoria Star.

France renounced, as did other European states, her own policy toward Mexico to follow that of Washington, and adopted President Wilson's formula of Mexico for the Mexicans. Simultaneously with all our allies, we recognized by the desire of the United States the government of Carranza, in the conviction that the deference which we thus showed toward the great North American republic would have no unhappy effect in safeguarding our rights. These hopes have not been realized.—Le Temps, Paris.

That the Russians have made extensive plans for establishing easily adjustable rail communication between various divisions of their fighting armies and between the armies and the supply bases, is shown by the fact that the Russian government has ordered 350 liquid-fuel locomotives of a special type from a Philadelphia locomotive works. These tractors weigh 7 1-2 tons each and run on tracks approximately 20 1-2 inches wide. These narrow-gauge tracks can be moved about easily. According to Russian officials the engines may be used in the trenches as well as at the rear. Each has a pulling capacity of from twenty-five to fifty tons, depending on the condition of the track.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

ARMY AND NAVY NEWS

Best Service Column in City.

Word has reached Washington of the death on Wednesday at Brookline, Mass., of Brig. Gen. John McEwen Hyde, U. S. A., retired, who in 1861 went to the front with the Seventy-first Regiment of New York City. After the civil war he was commissioned first lieutenant and adjutant. He rose rapidly through successive grade, fighting in the Bannock Indian campaign in 1878, and also serving in the Spanish-American war. He was appointed brigadier general June 9, 1904, and was retired the following day.

* * * *

The War Department has announced that First Lieut. William C. McChord, of Troop K, First Cavalry, has won the officers' night test ride staged by the army. The course, according to an automobile speedometer, measured 68 miles. The finish was at Douglas, Ariz.

Second place was won by Lieut. Louis M. Ballantyne, of Troop C, New Jersey Cavalry. He was delayed considerably as a result of becoming lost on the road. First Lieut. Harry A. Harvey, of Troop C, First Cavalry, was unable to finish, his horse having been badly cut by running into a barbed wire fence. None of the riders had been over the course before. It is said the roads are difficult to follow even in daytime.

* * * *

In accordance with Congressional provisions, enlisted men of the army are to be given an opportunity to attain commissions through studying at the Military Academy at West Point. The law allows three candidates for each vacancy in the student body. It is estimated that by June 14 there will be 41 vacancies, so it is likely that at least 123 enlisted men will be permitted next March to take the examination for admission to the institution in the following June.

* * * *

War Department officials are puzzled over the question whether the department is under obligation to purchase from the First Illinois Field Artillery certain horses belonging to the organization which were appropriated by the Federal authorities at the time the militia unit was mustered int othe service of the Federal government.

The horses were inspected, appraised, branded and used by the Federal authorities. But before payment for the horses could be made the Secretary of War issued an order forbidding the further purchase of horses and mules for the Federal service, in view of the large supply on the border. In view of the fact that the appropriating of the horses by the Federal authorities was indicative of a sale and that the procedure took place prior to the issuance of Secretary Baker's order, it is likely that the militia organization will be reimbursed for the animals.

NAVAL ORDERS.

ORDERS TO OFFICERS

Lieut. Commander Y. S. Williams detached Memphis; to three months' sick leave.

Lieut. (junior grade) H. S. Keep detached Hancock; to seven days' leave.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS

Birmingham arrived at Vineyard Sound, October 25; Nashville sailed from Tampico for Vera Cruz, October 25; Nevada sailed from Hampton Roads and arrived at Southern Drill Grounds, October 25; Pennsylvania arrived at Southern Drill Grounds, October 25; West Virginia arrived at Acapulco, October 25.

Political Notes

New York, Oct. 26.—Louis Bamberger, one of the foremost business men of Newark, sent a check for $1,000 to the Democratic National Committee today, with the following comment:

"It might be of interest to you to know that at the last Presidential election I voted for Mr. Roosevelt, but as Wilson's administration, in the face of perplexing conditions, has accomplished, in my judgment, all that any reasonable citizen could expect, I shall take great pleasure in casting my ballot for him."

C. F. Long, of 42 Broadway, New York, sends a check for $10, enclosing a copy of a letter replying to a request for a contribution to New York Republican County Committee.

New York, Oct. 26.—Jackson Johnson, of St. Louis, chairman of the board of directors of the International Shoe Company and one of the biggest manufacturers in the world, announced today that he will vote for President Wilson.

Georgetown, Ky., Oct. 26.—J. R. Downing, president of the Georgetown National Bank, refutes the Republican charge that President Wilson has been inimical to the banking interests of the country, in the following statement:

"If the President had nothing else to present to the country than the Federal Reserve System, he would have earned from all who have suffered from having the stock market absorb the loanable funds of the country, to the detriment of the business and agricultural interests, an everlasting gratitude. We have done business in my bank for nearly two years under this law, and I would not be willing to surrender one section of it."

Jottings from Judge

Mrs. Knicker—Did you join the club?

Mrs. Newrich—Yes. I'm on the committee on ways and meanness.

Miranda—Do you believe opposites attract each other, professor?

Professor—I certainly do! The tallest woman I know makes the best shortcake I ever ate.

"He was pleased to say how well I held my age," announced Mrs. Fortey.

"Why shouldn't you?" snapped a neighbor. "Think of the years of practice you've had."

Blinks—Did you go away for the summer, old man?

Jinks—I didn't have to. I found it right here.

Dobbler (speaking excitedly and holding illustrative hands about fourteen inches apart)—Looky, Cobb! What'd you say if I told you I landed one like that

Cobb (judicially calm)—Huh! That depends. Trout—no. Putt—maybe.

Visitor—What kind of soprano is she?

Impresario—Well, I think she would do well in a moving picture.

Martini—I have never seen such an extraordinary variety of wedding presents as they have.

Dubonnet—Yes. The bride says they have enough material for bridge prizes to last them the rest of their married life.

Debating Society Elects.

Plans for intercollegiate debates between Georgetown University and the big colleges of the East are progressing rapidly. At a meeting of the Senior Debating Society at the Law School building Wednesday evening these officers were elected: President, William D. French; secretary, George Helford; treasurer, H. B. Garvey; sergeant-at-arms, Richard Gotthold.

They were at a distant resort.

"I don't like it here," declared pa. "We don't know anybody."

"Suits me," assured pa. "We don't owe anybody, either."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Life is one grand sweet song with us. Isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, wifey."

"One grand sweet song. And this morning I want a few $10 notes."—Judge.

A GREAT FIGURE.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

The young American who used to be a secretary to one of the great figures in the world, a European statesman dead now a few years, was evidently proud of the association. He talked about it at the dinner table of some American friends in Berlin and he talked to me about it afterward. "The funny thing about him was that he wasn't happy, success, fame, money, a fine family, plenty of admirers and friends. And yet, while I was with him at the end of his career, when he had apparently won out all along the line, I doubt if he had one moment's happiness."

"What do you think the explanation was?" I asked.

"Ah, I've thought of that many times. In the first place, he had ruined his health by overwork. As a young man, he told me, he had been very ambitious. He denied himself the sleep he needed so that he should have more time to study in. As he grew older he lost the capacity to sleep more than two or three hours at night. Often he'd call for one of the secretaries at four o'clock in the morning to read to him or to take dictation. He always had at least three secretaries and sometimes he'd have as many as seven. He was very lenient with us and a couple of hours' work in the early morning would mean release for the rest of the day."

"What kind of work would he do at night?" I asked.

"He'd have newspapers and books read to him and he'd dictate letters and addresses. He always had things to do. He used to worry because he was always behindhand. But if he had caught up and found himself a little leisure I believe he would have been frightened and he would have invented something to do. He was always lamenting that the day was so short, and yet I believe he was glad when it was over. After studying him pretty closely for a couple of years I decided that with him work was a disease. Later I began to think it was only the symptom of a disease. The disease itself lay deeper."

I began to be very much interested in the case and in this philosopher's point of view. I wondered how that great man would have felt if he had known he was daily under this searching scrutiny.

"What was the disease?" I asked.

"It was fear of him. It made him afraid to be alone with his own thoughts. He worked to get away from himself. I once read him that little story by Anatole France about the rich man who was told he could be happy if he'd only put on the shirt of some happy man. After searching for a happy man, he found one in a poor peasant who didn't have any shirt."

The talk ceased for a moment while we smiled over this reference. "He liked that story very much and a few days later he made me read it aloud to him again. The second time he made a queer remark. He said: 'The trouble with us is that we do things from mixed motives.'"

"Didn't he enjoy his success at all?" I said, to start the talk going again.

"Oh, yes. But, somehow, he didn't enjoy it in a healthy way. He enjoyed it through his vanity. Do you see what I mean? It was a surface kind of enjoyment. There wasn't anything really deep about it that I could see."

"But how about the good he did? He must have done a great deal of good in his life. Didn't it give him satisfaction?"

"No. He never spoke of it or did anything to show he ever thought of it. But he often spoke of the ingratitude of the people he worked for. He said that at any time they were likely to turn against him. I used to think sometimes that he actually hated the people. His bitterness when he talked about them was really terrible and it was so personal, too, all relating to himself." "Say," the voice grew more confidential, "have you ever thought what queer mixtures people are? Perhaps that explains the remark about our doing things from mixed motives. Well, he was the queerest mixture of greatness and meanness. I suppose a lot of great people are like that. And that's why no man is a hero to his valet. But he was a hero to me, in spite of his faults. I used to admire him immensely as he would sit back in his chair or lie in bed and dictate those wonderful addresses and letters of his. It seemed as if the best of him came out then. I'd say to myself: 'Here's the real man. Here's the man the world admires.' Then he'd stop dictating and the rest of the time— Well, he was pretty irritable. I guess it was his nerves and not having enough sleep. He often seemed like a mean little shrimp and I'd actually hate him. But, on the whole, how do you suppose I felt? It seems funny for a nobody like me to say it about a great man like him. But I used to pity him."

I said I thought I could understand. The great man had paid dear for his greatness.

"The trouble was he wasn't great enough to support it. How often I've smiled at the eulogies of him in the newspapers and in books. He's held up as an example for the children to imitate. Great as he was I should hate to have any children of mine lead a life like his. If people really understood him they would change some of their ideas about greatness."

Autumn and Italy

Above Manhattan town the autumnal haze;
A fruit heaped pushcart and a vender crying,
And the soft echo of the South replying
Adown enchanted ways!

Down ways enchanted, for they mean to me,
Seeing the purple, crimson, golden tintage
Upon the ripened fruit, the time of vintage—
Autumn and Italy!

Autumn and Italy! Though time and tides
May vanish as the mist before our vision,
Beauty remains with us; the dream elysian
Forevermore abides!

CLINTON SCOLLARD, in New York Sun.

Today's Events

Address, "Child Welfare," Dr. John S. Wall, before National Society of Keep-Wells, Parish Hall, St. John's Church, 7:30 p. m.

Address, "The Protestant Mission Epoch," Mrs. H. E. Monroe, before Wome's Interdenominational Missionary Union, Public Library, 2 p. m.

Meeting, American Clan Gregor Society, New Ebbitt, all day and evening.

Lecture, "New Experiments With Plants," Frederic V. Coville, before Community Association of Cleveland Park, John Eaton School, 7:30 p. m.

Meeting, National Democratic Women of America, New Ebbitt, 8 p. m.

Meeting, Conduit Road Citizens' Association, at home of Charles A. Baker, 2215 Conduit road, 8 p. m.

Lecture, "International Law," Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton, under auspices of women's section of the Navy League, in Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason House, 3:30 p. m.

Meeting, Brightwood Park Citizens' Association, Brightwood Park School, 8 p. m.

Masonic—St. John's, No. 11, "harvest moon dinner," Hotel Lafayette; Hope, No. 20; Capitol, No. 11 and Mount Pleasant, No. 12, of the Royal Arch; Takoma, No. 12, and St. John's Lodge, No. 18, of the Eastern Star.

Odd Fellows—Central, No. 1; Metropolis, No. 16; Phoenix, No. 28; Dorcas, No. 4, and Martha Washington, No. 2, of the Rebekahs.

Knights of Pythias—Syracusans, No. 10; Ratibone Superior, No. 20; Ratibone Temple, No. 8, of the Pythian Sisters.

AMUSEMENTS.

Belasco—"The Boomerang," 8:20 p. m.

National—"The House of Glass," 8:15 p. m.

Poli's—"The Woman Who Paid," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Keith's—Vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gayety—Burlesque, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Garden—Photoplays, 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Strand—Photoplays, 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Cosmos—Vaudeville, 1 to 11 p. m.

Spraying sand on slippery streets is made easy by a new motor truck of ingenious construction. The sand falls from the truck body on a revolving disk at the rear and is thus spread in all directions.—Popular Science Monthly.